

# Shadow comics

10¢



Featuring  
**"Death In  
The Stars"**

# Message to Parents

## IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

### SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

**AVOID Crowds and New Contacts** in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

**AVOID Over-Fatigue.** Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

**AVOID Swimming** in water which has not been declared safe by your health department.

**AVOID Chilling.** Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

**Keep clean.** Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

## QUICK ACTION MAY PREVENT CRIPPLING

**Call Your Doctor** at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

**Take His Advice** if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

**Consult Your Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis** for help. Your Chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part

of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet—including transportation, after-care and such aids as wheelchairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.

**Remember, Facts Fight Fears.** Half or more of those having the disease show no after-effects; another fourth recover with very slight crippling. A happy state of mind tends toward health and recovery. Don't let your anxiety or fear reach your children. Your confidence makes things easier for you and for others.



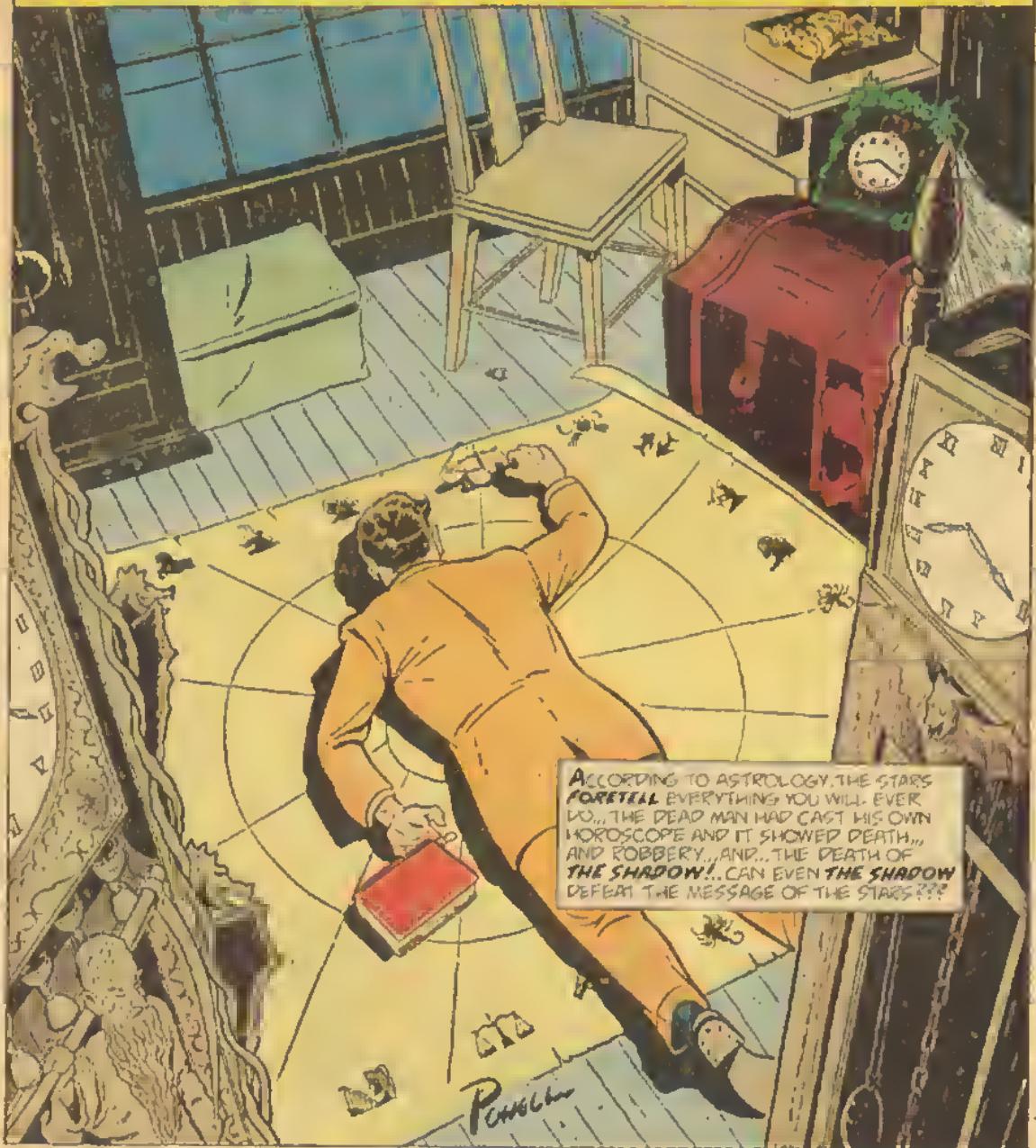
Cut out and keep for reference.

THIS INFORMATION IS PREPARED BY

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

# DEATH IN THE SHADOWS



ACCORDING TO ASTROLOGY, THE STARS FORETELL EVERYTHING YOU WILL EVER DO... THE DEAD MAN HAD CAST HIS OWN HOROSCOPE AND IT SHOWED DEATH... AND ROBBERY... AND... THE DEATH OF THE SHADOW!... CAN EVEN THE SHADOW DEFER THE MESSAGE OF THE STARS???

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# TUNE IN

EACH WEEK TO THE  
OF THE  
*SHADOW*

COMMISSIONER, I'M A WH...WHAT LITTLE SURPRISED AT OF IT?.. YOU...LET'S SAY THAT! OOH!.. COINCIDENTALLY YOU THIS WATCHMAKER HAVEN'T DIED WHEN HE HEARD THE THOUGHT HE NEWS! IN WOULD...WHAT THIS DIARY HE OF IT?.. SAYS THAT FOUR

HOURS AFTER HIS DEATH THERE WILL BE A STUPID ROBBERY AT THE PIER OF THE SS. ATLANTIS...

WELL?.. NOT WELL AT ALL!.. WE DISREGARDED IT, THOUGHT IT WAS SOME SILLY IDEA OF A CRACK-POT... I HAVE JUST COME FROM THE PIER...

WESTON'S STORY...EARLIER...

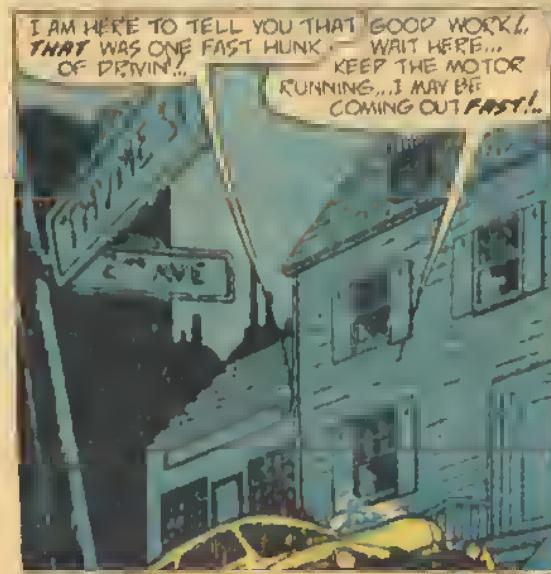
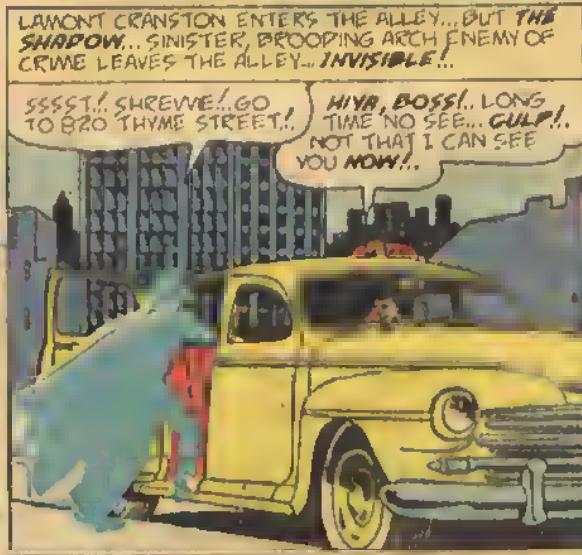
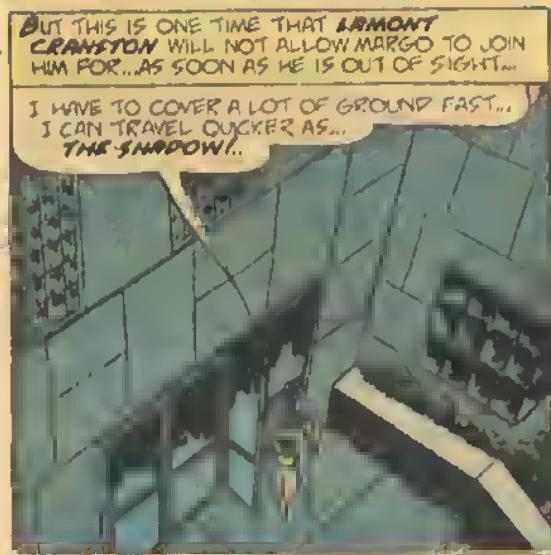
TWO TRUCKS BACKED ONTO THE PIER...MEN GOT OUT OF THE TRUCKS...



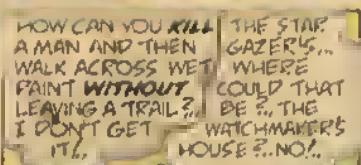
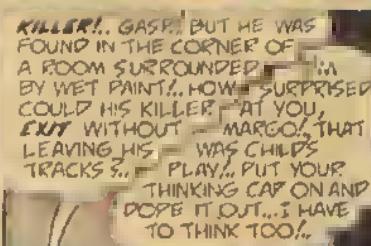
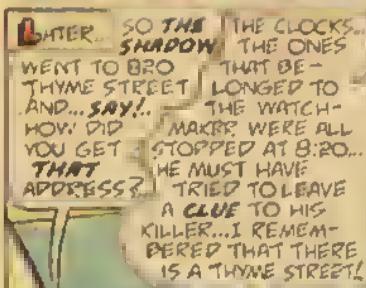
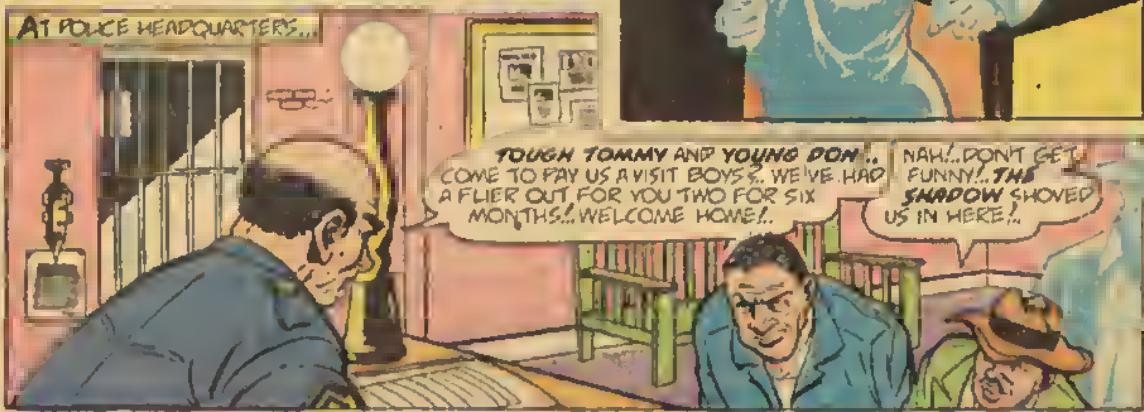
THAT WAS THE MOST ASTOUNDING THING!.. JUST AS THE DIARY PREDICTED IT WAS THE THEFT OF VALUELESS LOOT!.. BARRELS OF NOTHING BUT OIL. PERHAPS FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF OIL.

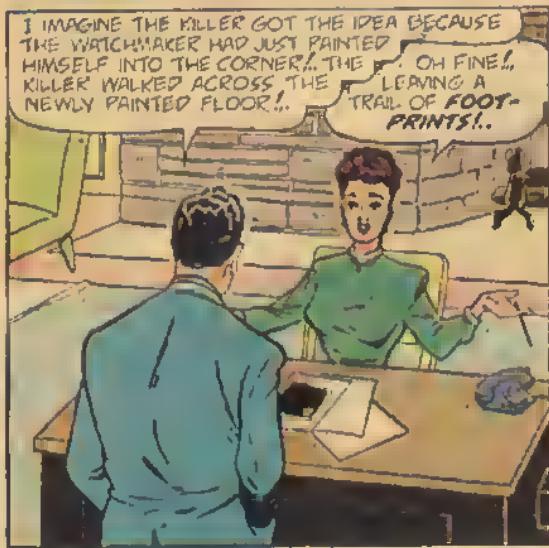
# THRILLING ADVENTURES

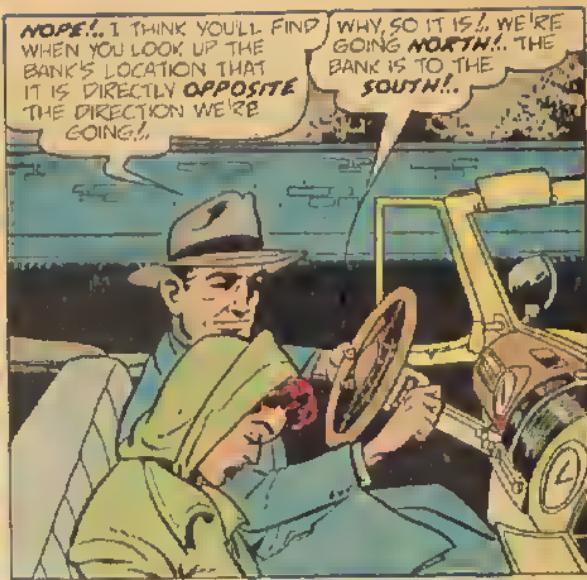
CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS  
FOR TIME AND STATION

















AT THE SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN, COMMISSIONER WESTON GOT A HURRIED PHONE CALL...

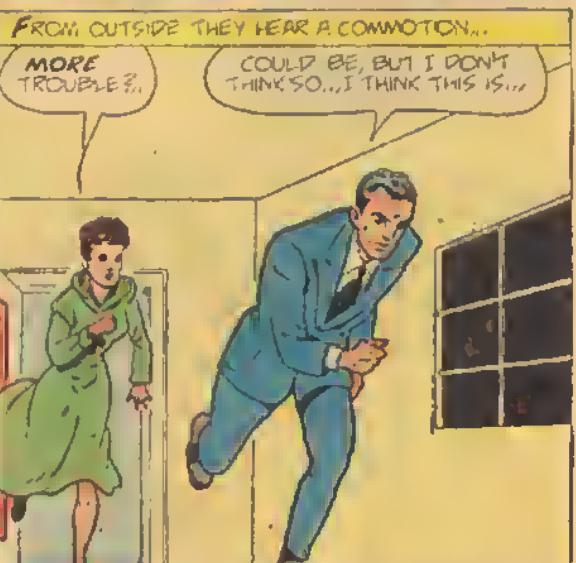
LAMONT!.. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? THE BANK HOLD UP HASN'T HAPPENED!.. WHAT? IT'S NOT GOING TO?.. I SHOULD COME TO THE OBSERVATORY?.. ARE YOU MAD, MAN?.. OH... ALL RIGHT!..



BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE SHADOW'S ACROBATICS

WH...WHAT HAPPENED?..

YOU TANGLED WITH THE SHADOW, BUB! THAT'S NOT HEALTHY...HE'S NOT ONE TO THREATEN WITH DEATH.. IT ANNOYS HIM!..



PUFF!.. GASP!.. COMMISSIONER, AS CRANSTON, I SOON AS YOU WHAT'S UP, I CATCH YOUR BREATH I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET THE KILLER WHO STARTED ALL THIS!..



KILLER?.. CRANSTON, HOW COULD YOU KNOW?.. WE JUST GOT THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S REPORT AND HE SAYS HE DOESN'T CARE IF THE DEAD MAN AHEM!.. WAS FOUND IN COMIN' A ROOM, WITH SIONER, IF A PAINTED FLOOR, THAT SWEET, I MAY IT WAS MURDER!.. AHEM!.. TELL YOU ABOUT THAT!..



THE LOOT, THE BARRELS ARE IN HEAVEN'S MARY.. THAT'S THE OTHER ROOM!.. GOOD BEEN DRIVING ME CRAZY!.. WHAT'S IN THEM?..



WHY... THIS IS JUST OIL!..



AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE!.. COME, COMMISSIONER... SIT DOWN AND LET'S START FROM THE BEGINNING!..

GASP!.. WHO ARE THEY?!

THEY'RE THE MEN WHO HIJACKED THE BARRELS OFF THE PIER!.. RELAX!.. WE HAVE THE WHOLE GANG NOW!..



PARTY, THE KILLER, KNEW THAT THE WATCH-MAKER WAS A LITTLE CRACKED ON THE SUBJECT OF ASTROLOGY.. HE WROTE OUT A FAKE DIARY FOR TONIGHT... AND KILLED THE MAN, LEAVING THE DIARY ON THE CORPSE!..

WHY?..



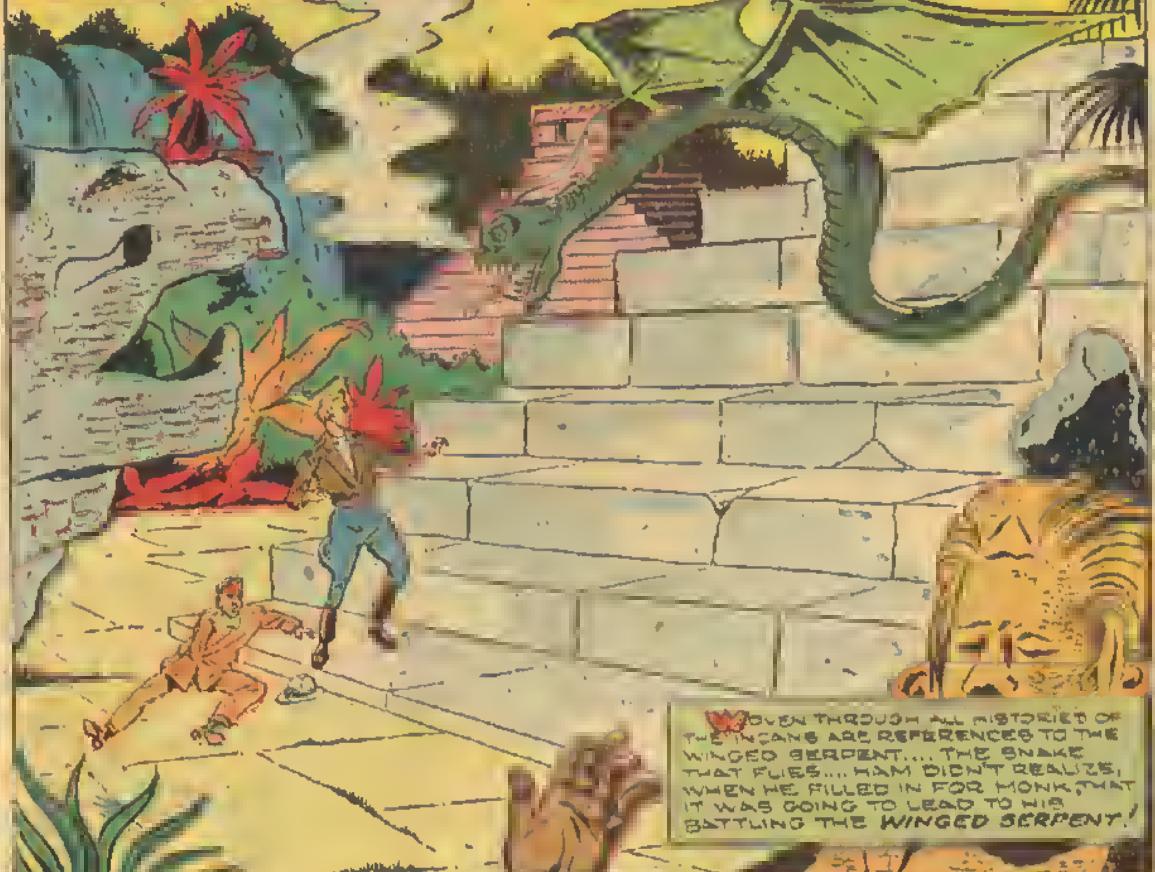


DOC

# SAVAGE

IN THE

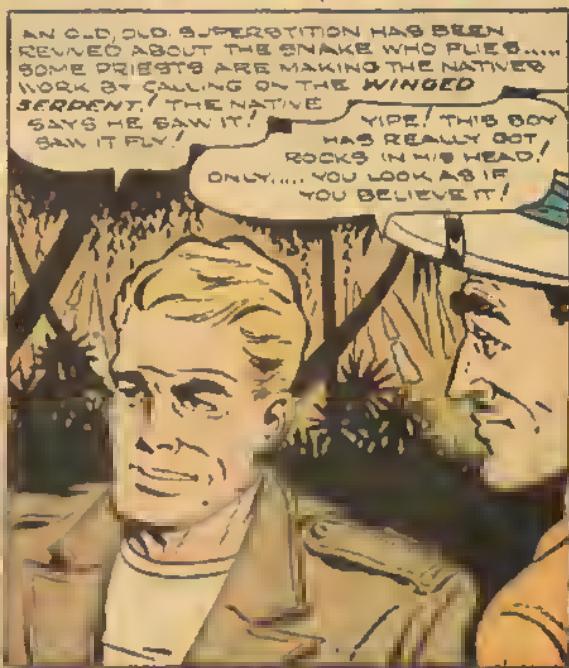
# FLYING SERPENT



Woven through all histories of the Incans are references to the winged serpent... the snake that flies... ham didn't realize, when he filled in for monk, that it was going to lead to his battling the winged serpent!

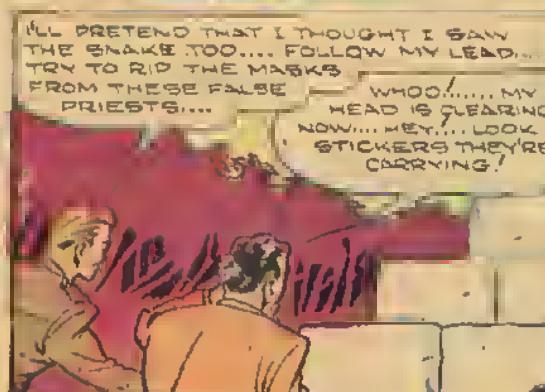
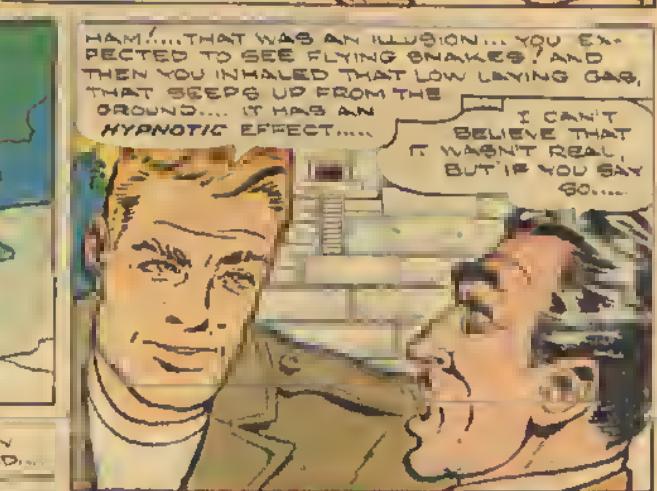














THEY DIVE INTO THIS HOLE... DOING...  
HOW COME THE NATIVES  
DIDN'T COME UP ON THE  
STEPS AFTER  
US?

THEY'RE INTOXICATED BY THAT GAS OUT IN THE  
CLEARING.... I DON'T THINK THEY EVEN  
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! HURRY!



HEY! THEY'VE  
GOT GUNS....  
WHAT KIND OF  
BUSINESS IS  
THIS?

LOOK  
AT  
YOUR  
HANDS!!!

BROWN MAKE-  
UP... YOU MEAN...  
THOSE PRIESTS?...  
ARE WHITE MEN  
MADE UP AS  
NATIVES, YES!  
THE MAKE-UP  
CAME OFF WHEN  
WE FOUGHT!



DOC!... WHY  
DO YOU WANT  
THESE CER-  
MONIAL MASKS  
SO BADLY?

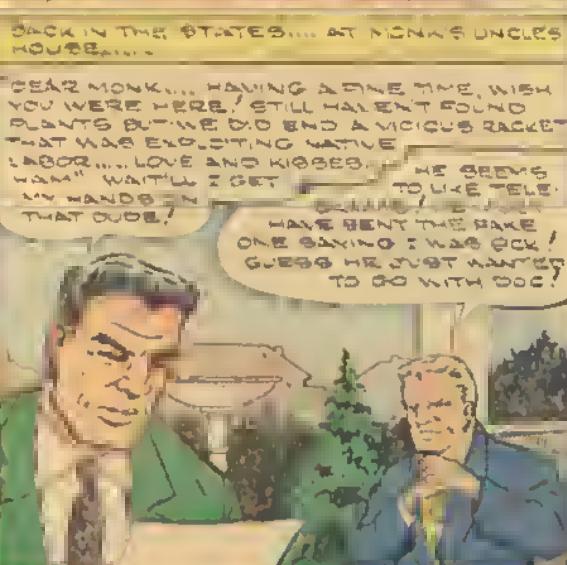
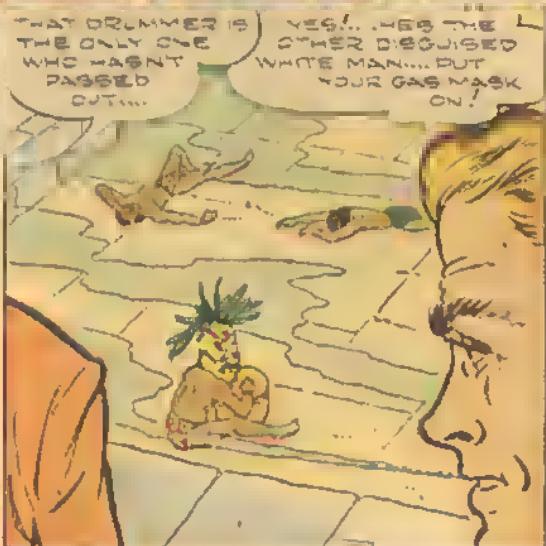
LOOK  
INSIDE  
YOURS...  
EVIDENCE  
OF WHAT  
THEY'VE  
DONE?

A GAS MASK!  
THE WOODEN  
MASK HID  
IT!

SURE, THAT'S HOW THE  
PRIESTS COULD WALK PAST  
THE GAS, WITHOUT BEING  
AFFECTED. THIS PROVED TO  
THE NATIVES THAT THE PRIESTS  
CONTROLLED THE WINGED  
SERPENT... EASY, NOW....  
HERE'S THE END OF  
THIS DARBAGE!!







# Nick Carter MASTER DETECTIVE IN THE Cliff House Mystery

Panels

THE SETTING FOR THIS, ONE OF NICK CARTER'S MOST BIFFLING OF CASES, IS THE ROCKY COAST OF MAINE, A COUPLE OF MILES OUT-SIDE OF WETSMOUTH, A SMALL FISHING VILLAGE. NICK HAS BEEN ENGAGED BY SANFORD STRIBER, BROADWAY PRODUCER, TO INVESTIGATE THE WELL-BEING OF HIS FATHER, FROM WHOM HE WAS ESTRANGED.....!

THAT LETTER YOU RECEIVED SAYING ALL IS NOT WELL WITH YOUR DAD..... THAT MIGHTY QUEER THINGS ARE TAWN' PLACE ON CLIFF HOUSE.... SOUNDS LIKE IT MIGHT BE FROM

A CRANK..... COULD BE, SAYOV..... NICK.... BUT DESPITE THE FACT THAT DAD AND I haven't spoken in years, if he's in trouble I want to help him!



WEH!... WE SHOULD BE THERE SOON, AND YOUR FEARS WILL SOON BE GONE.... MAYBE YOU'LL EVEN MAKE UP WITH YOUR

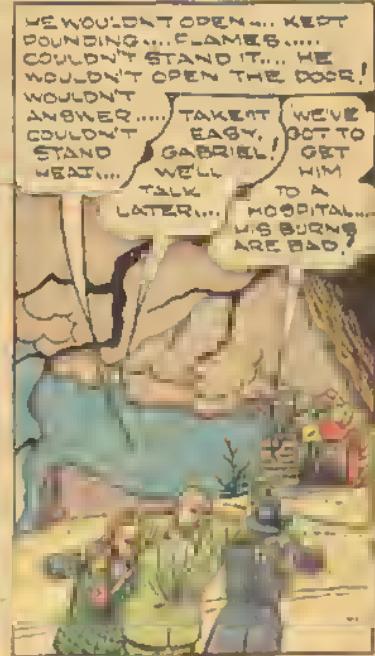
DAD.... I'LL BE WILLING.... IF HE IS.... WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THE HOUSE AS SOON AS WE GET AROUND THE BEND, NICK!



NO!... NO IT CAN'T BE!







SUNDAY EVENING  
6:30 PM EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH  
CLEANSER



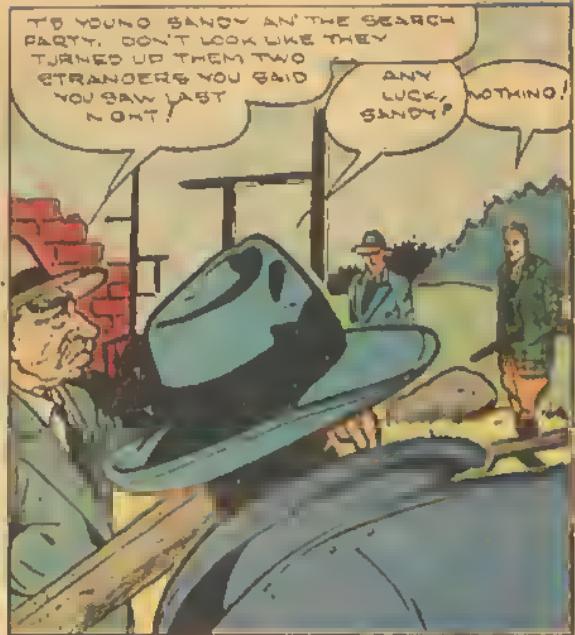
THE FOLLOWING MORNING NICK RETURNS TO THE HOUSE TO DO OVER THE EMBERS WITH THE SHERIFF AND THE CORONER....

CORONER'S TAKIN' OL' MAN STRIBER'S BODY BACK TO TOWN FOR AUTOPSY....  
OKZ IT AINT TOO BAD BURNED  
TO TELL QUITE A LOT, NOW CONFRU-  
WHAT YOU FOUND P TON OF GAB.  
THERE YOUNG RIEL'S STORY SHERIFF  
TELLER P HE SAID MR STRIBER'S

ROOM WAS LOCKED... AND  
HERE'S THE LOCK... BOLT OUT  
AS IT FELL OFF OF THE DOOR  
THAT BURNED AWAY....

TO YOUNG SANDY AN' THE SEARCH  
PARTY, DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY  
TURNED UP THEM TWO  
STRANGERS YOU SAID  
YOU SAW LAST  
NIGHT

ANY  
LUCK,  
SANDY?  
NOTHING!



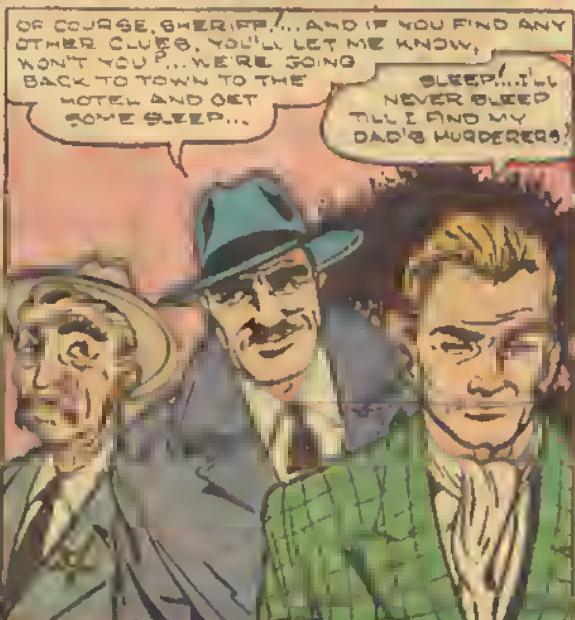
WE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THE COUNTRY  
BETWEEN HERE AND WETSMOUTH.... THEY'RE  
EITHER HIDIN' OUT, OR THEY HAD A CAR  
WIDORN AND MADE THEIR GETAWAY  
BEFORE WE  
GET OUT....

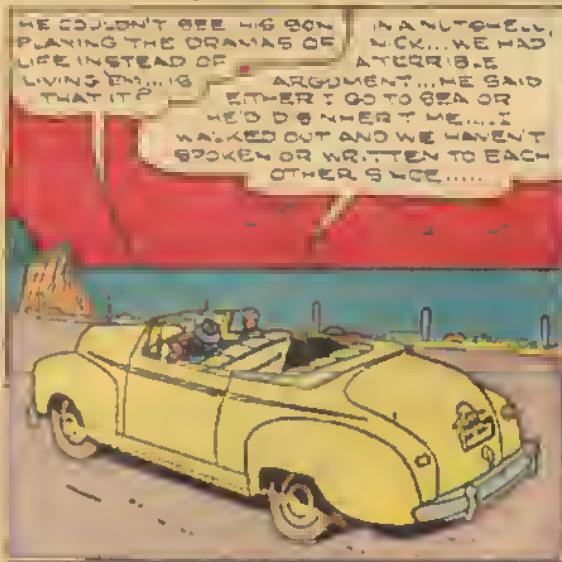
I THINK YOU TWO WAS SEEIN' THINGS...  
THIS OL' HOUSE WAS LIKE MATCH  
WOOD... GABRIEL OR YOUR DAD GOT CARELESS  
WITH A MATCH AN' DOOR....  
THE PLACE WENT UP....

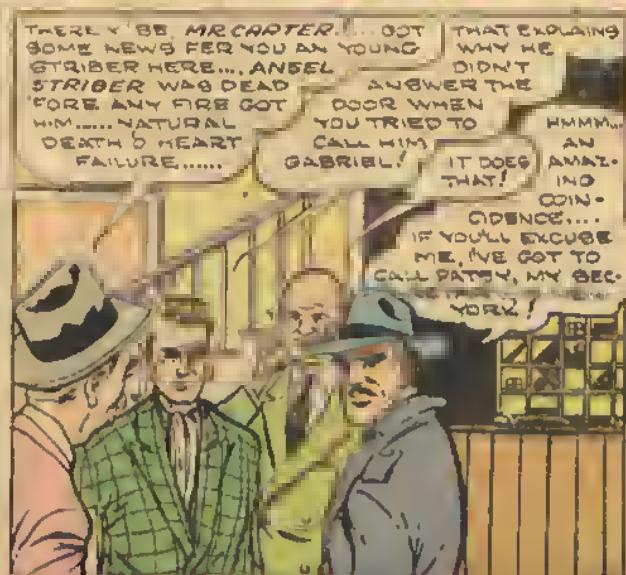
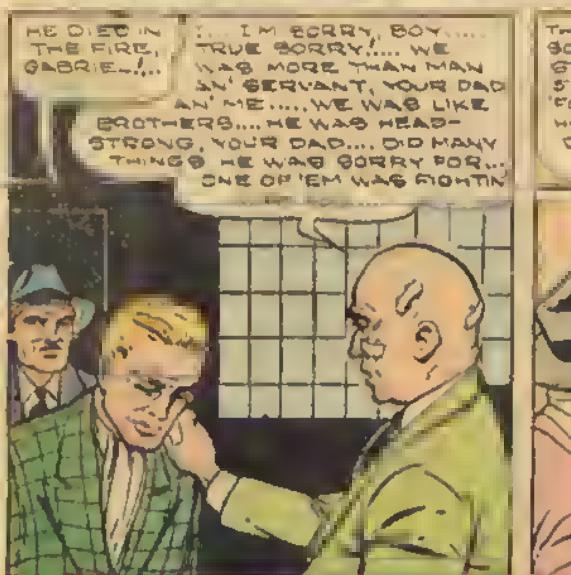


YOU SAY THIS WAS THE LIVING ROOM.....  
THE HOUSE WAS CENTRALLY HEATED  
BY MOTOR IN A CAVE BELOW, POWERED  
BY ELECTRICITY.... THEN WHY  
IS A GASOLINE CAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE  
LIVING ROOM? THAT'S THAT I MEAN...  
ER... TO SAY... I WAS  
JUST RISIN' TO MENTION  
THAT... MIGHTY  
GUDICIOUS!

OF COURSE, SHERIFF.... AND IF YOU FIND ANY  
OTHER CLUES, YOU'LL LET ME KNOW,  
WON'T YOU?... WE'RE GOING  
BACK TO TOWN TO THE  
MOTEL AND GET  
SLEEP... I'LL  
NEVER SLEEP  
TILL I FIND MY  
DAD'S MURDERERS!







A FEW MINUTES LATER, PATSY GETS INSTRUCTIONS VIA LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE....

1614 OR 15 NICK P... GOLLY,  
THAT'S A LONG TIME AGO!....  
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE  
RECORDS GOING  
BACK THAT  
FAR?

CALL RAPHEAL  
GONZALES  
IN ST. DAGO....  
HE OWES ME  
A FAVOR FOR  
THAT JEWEL THIEF I  
TRAPPED FOR HIM IN NEW  
YORK THREE YEARS AGO.....  
HE'LL CHECK IT FOR  
US!!...

AS SOON AS YOU GET THE INFORMATION,  
CALL ME! 'F' M NOT HERE.  
CALL BACK... DON'T GIVE  
THE INFORMATION TO  
ANY BODY BUT  
ME!

OKAY, NICK....  
I'LL GET TO WORK  
ON IT RIGHT AWAY.  
'BYE!



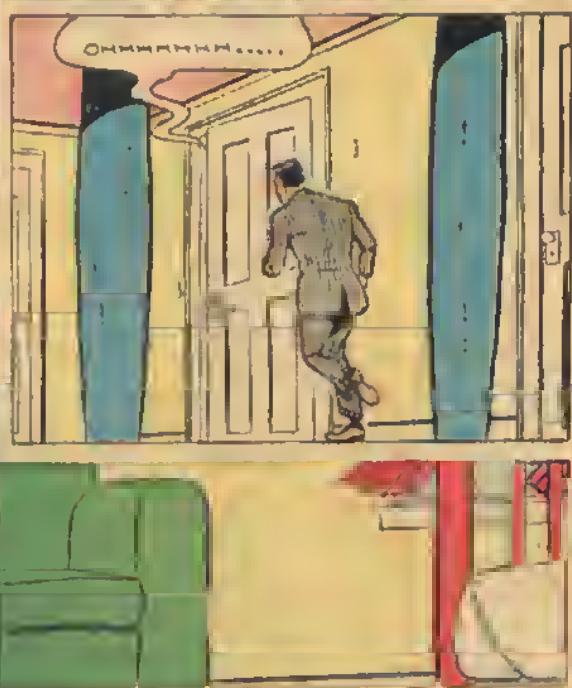
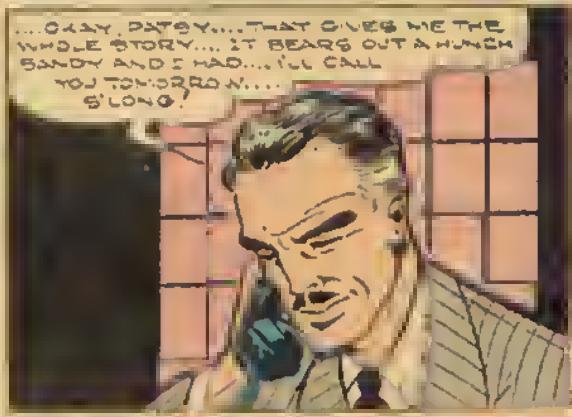
WHEN THE WILL IS READ,  
SANDY, YOU'LL FIND YOUR  
FATHER FORGAVE YOU.....  
HE LEFT IT ALL TO  
YOU... AND A TODY, I'M GLAD  
MITE FOR ME HE FOR-  
THAT'LL SEE ME GAVE ME,  
THROUGH THE GABRIEL....  
TIME I'VE LEFT I ONLY WISH  
IN THIS  
WORLD....  
BEFORE... BEFORE...  
BUT I'LL FIND THOSE  
MURDERERS IF IT'S  
THE LAST THING  
I DO!

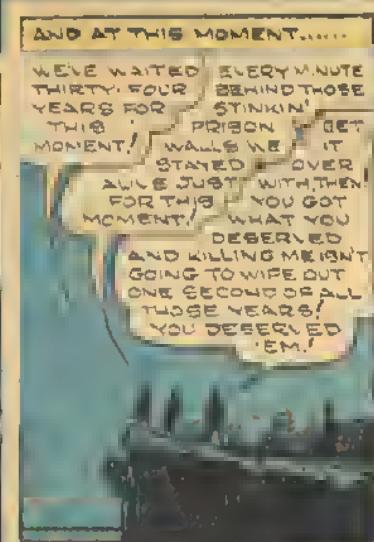
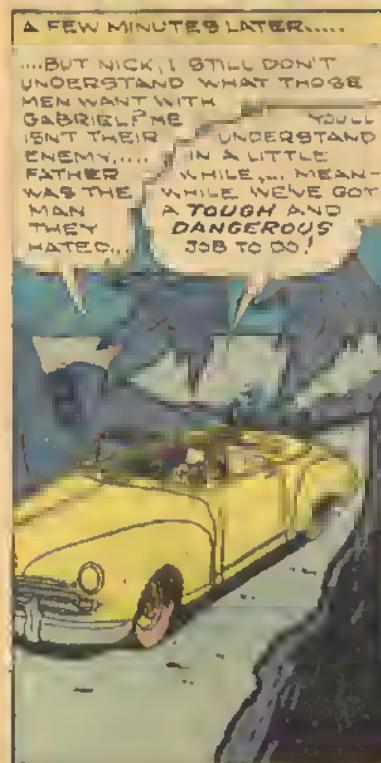
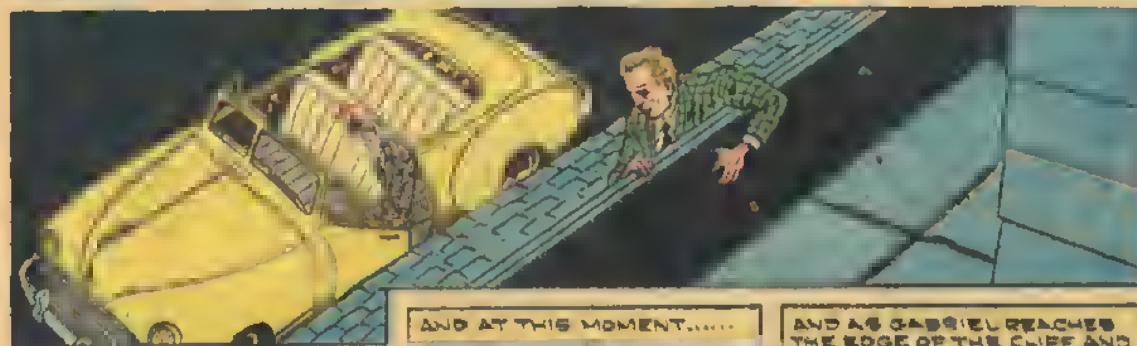
THAT NIGHT AS NICK, SANDY  
AND GABRIEL SETTLE DOWN  
TO A WONDERFUL NEW  
ENGLAND FISH DINNER....

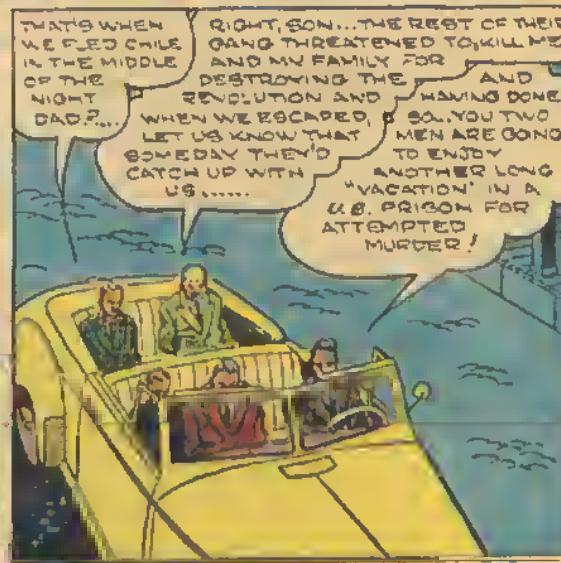
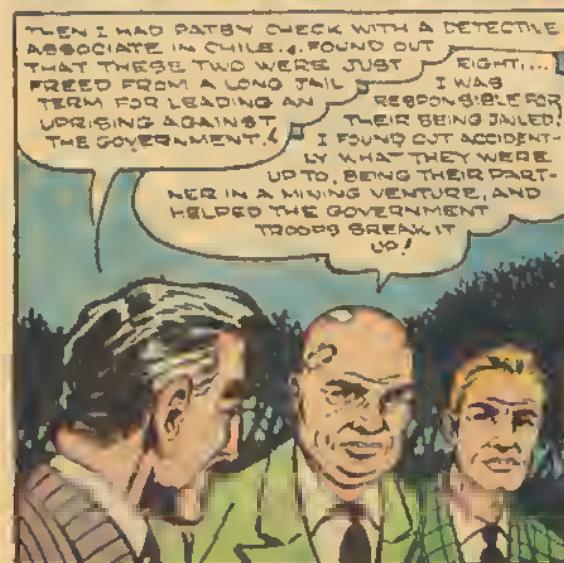
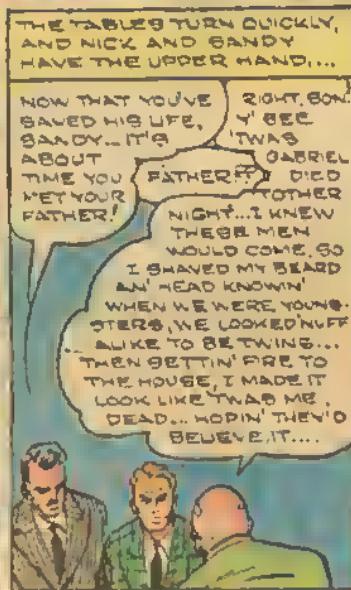
THIS FRESH MAINE  
LOBSTER IS WON....  
LM, WHAT'S  
WRONG?

GABRIEL?....  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?...  
WAIT...  
SICK!....  
GOING  
BACK TO  
HOTEL....







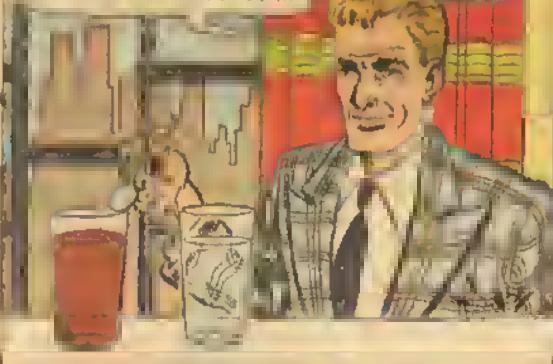


# CRIME QUIZ

HERE'S A GOOD WAY TO TEST YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION... ALL OF US WERE IN THE ROOM WHEN THIS MAN WAS MURDERED... YET NOT ONE SINGLE MAN SAW THE KILLER WHO WAS HERE... WHY?



WE'VE JUST TESTED YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION... NOW LET'S TRY YOUR LOGICAL FACULTIES... I TAKE ONE SPOONFULL OF WINE AND PLACE IT IN THE GLASS OF WATER... I MIX IT AND THEN PUT ONE SPOONFUL OF THE MIXTURE INTO THE GLASS OF WATER... WHAT AMOUNT OF WINE & WATER WILL BE IN EACH GLASS?



NOW WE'LL TEST YOUR POWERS OF DEDUCTION... THERE IS A SPOT ON THE WORLD WHERE A MAN SAW A BEAR... HE FOLLOWED IT FOR ONE MILE TO THE SOUTH, ONE MILE TO THE WEST AND A MILE NORTH... AND WAS BACK WHERE HE STARTED FROM... WHAT COLOR WAS THE BEAR?



DID I TRAP YOU? THE WORD 'SINGLE' IS THE GIVEAWAY... WE'RE ALL MARRIED, SO THERE IS NO 'SINGLE' MAN AMONG US...



UNLESS YOU'RE A VERY LOGICAL REASONER YOU'LL NEVER REALIZE THAT EACH GLASS WILL HAVE THE SAME AMOUNT OF MIXTURE AS THE OTHER...



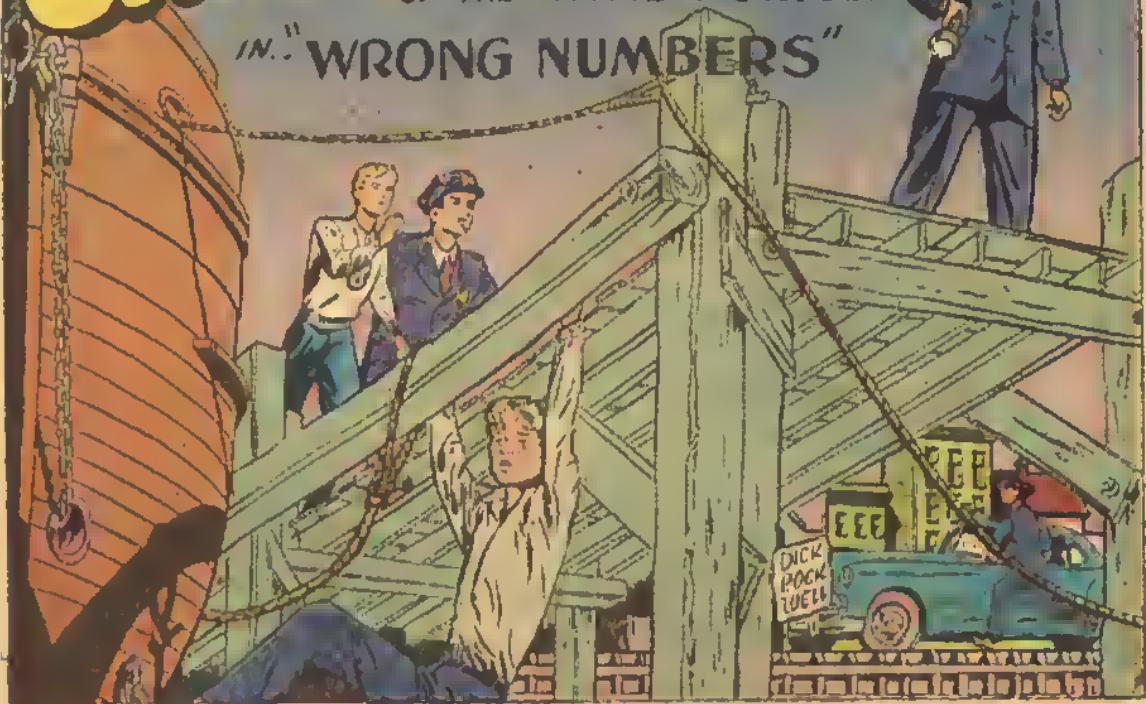
DID YOU FIGURE IT OUT? THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU COULD WALK IN THOSE DIRECTIONS AND COME BACK TO WHERE YOU BEGAN IS AT THE NORTH POLE... THEREFOR THE BEAR WOULD BE A POLAR BEAR, THEREFOR IT WOULD BE WHITE...



# Chick Carter

OF THE INNER CIRCLE

IN "WRONG NUMBERS"



TODAY'S STORY COULD BE YOURS...OR MINE. IT HAPPENS TO BELONG TO SID HELSTER. YOU CAN'T PUT A FINGER ON THE EXACT TIME OR PLACE IT BEGINS...SO I'M STARTING ON THE DAY I FIRST MET SID AND HIS BROTHER JOE....THE INNER CIRCLE WAS PLAYING THE NORTH SIDE TIGERS AND WE WE WERE LEADING 2 TO 1 IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9<sup>TH</sup> THERE WAS ONE OUT, A MAN ON SECOND AND I HAD TWO STRIKES ON SID AND THEN ..."



"NEXT MAN UP WAS JOE, SID'S BROTHER-ABOUT A YEAR OLDER THAN SID...."



"I DIDN'T SEE WHAT WENT ON . . . BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, SID HAD KNOCKED HIS OWN BROTHER DOWN!"

LET ME GO.  
LE' GO I TELL  
YUH!

"THE MINUTE THEY RELEASED HIM, HE BROKE AWAY . . . BEAT IT AS FAST AS HE COULD . . .



"THE UMPIRE GAVE US 'PLAY BALL' AND I WAS WINDING UP FOR THE PITCH WHEN OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW SID HAD STOPPED AND WAS WATCHING"

"JOE GOT MY 'NUMBER' AND CONNECTED SOLIDLY . . . POOR BIFF PLAYING LEFT FIELD DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO CATCH IT . . ."



"WELL-  
WE LOST  
O'COURSE  
3 TO 1 AND I WAS IN  
THE DOG HOUSE WITH  
MY INNER CIRCLE TEAM.  
JOE OF COURSE WAS  
THE BIG HERO..."

"BUT SID . . . I SAW  
HIM WATCHING . . .  
AFTERWARDS WHEN  
THEY WERE CHEERING  
HIS BROTHER ON THE  
WAY HOME."





"IT WAS AN UNNATURAL SITUATION SO I GOT INTERESTED... NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER, I CAN GIVE YOU THE FACTS AS I EITHER SAW OR HEARD ABOUT 'EM. ... Y'SEE IT WASN'T JUST IN SPORTS THAT JOE WAS BETTER THAN SID..."





"PUT YOURSELF IN SID'S BOOTS - OR MAYBE YOU'RE IN 'EM... OR IN A SITUATION LIKE HIS... THE BIG BROTHER A HERO. AND YOU, AT 15 YEARS OLD A FAILURE. THAT'S WHAT SID WAS FEELING ABOUT HIMSELF. HE WANTED TO DO THINGS TO MAKE HIS PARENTS EVEN HIS BROTHER PROUD... BUT NO SOAP..."



"HIS CONTINUED BAD MARKS MADE HIM HATE SCHOOL... HE COULDN'T STUDY BECAUSE HE WAS MISERABLE IT FINALLY GOT TO A POINT WHERE CAN DAY..."

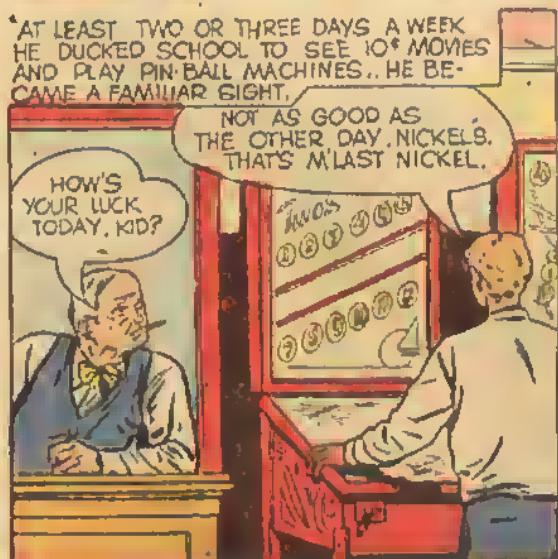


"I'M GONNA DITCH... WHAT'S THE DIFF IF THEY BAWL ME OUT FOR ONE MORE THING?"

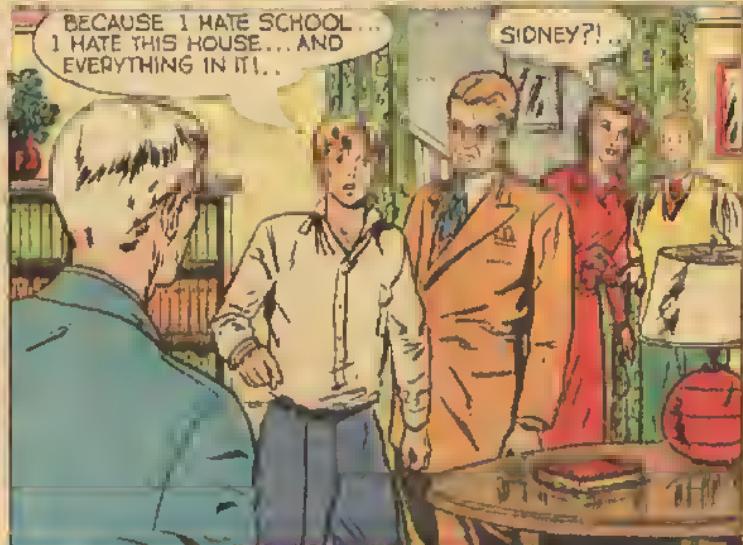
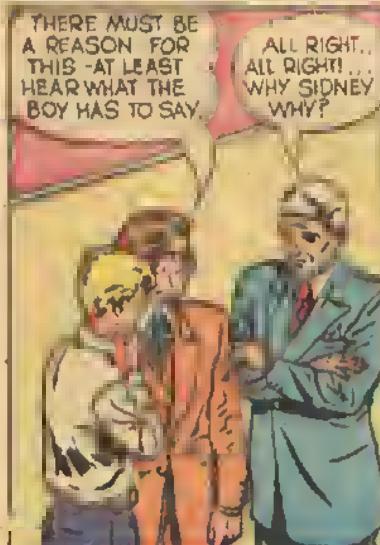
"HE WAS AFRAID TO HANG AROUND HIS OWN NEIGHBORHOOD IN CASE SOMEBODY WOULD SEE HIM.. SO HE SPENT HIS TIME AROUND THE HONKYTONK SECTION OF TOWN...."



"AT LEAST TWO OR THREE DAYS A WEEK HE DUCKED SCHOOL TO SEE 10¢ MOVIES AND PLAY PIN-BALL MACHINES.. HE BECAME A FAMILIAR SIGHT."



\*AT THE END OF A FEW WEEKS OF BEING TRUANT SID CAME HOME ONE NIGHT AND SMELLED TROUBLE\*



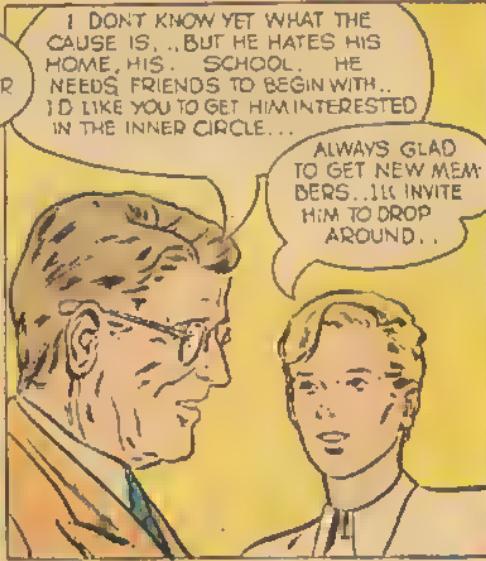
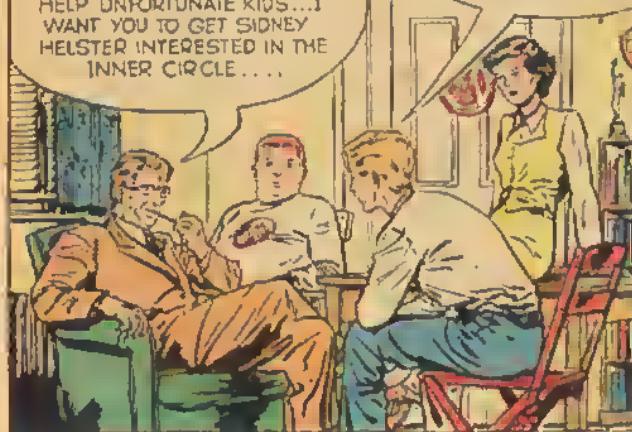
THE NEXT DAY, MR. JOHNSON CAME TO SEE ME AT INNER CIRCLE HEADQUARTERS...

CHICK - YOU AND THE INNER CIRCLE HAVE DONE A LOT TO HELP UNFORTUNATE KIDS... I WANT YOU TO GET SIDNEY HELSTER INTERESTED IN THE INNER CIRCLE....

I KNOW HIM... HE'S JOE HELSTER'S BROTHER... A RATHER MOODY FELLA...

I DONT KNOW YET WHAT THE CAUSE IS... BUT HE HATES HIS HOME, HIS SCHOOL. HE NEEDS FRIENDS TO BEGIN WITH... I'D LIKE YOU TO GET HIM INTERESTED IN THE INNER CIRCLE...

ALWAYS GLAD TO GET NEW MEMBERS... I'LL INVITE HIM TO DROP AROUND...



"SO THE NEXT DAY..."

BIFF'S KIND OF SLOW OUT THERE IN LEFT FIELD, SID... OUR BIG GAME IS COMING UP WITH YOUR BROTHER'S TEAM FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CITY AND I THOUGHT...

YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO PLAY AGAINST MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD TEAM?



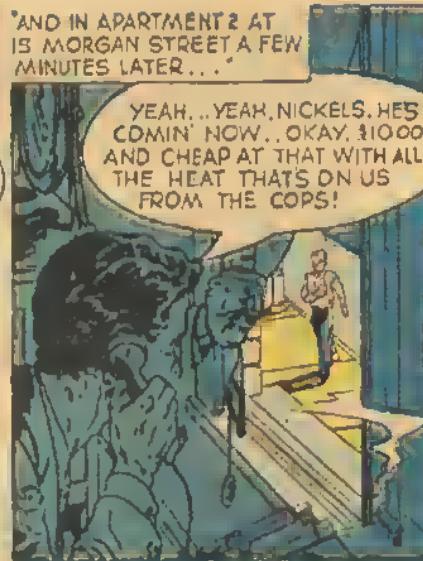
HEY, KID. WHERE YOU BEEN KEEPIN' YOURSELF?

HUH?.. OH, NICKELS!.. G-GOSH-WATCHA DOIN' AROUND HERE?

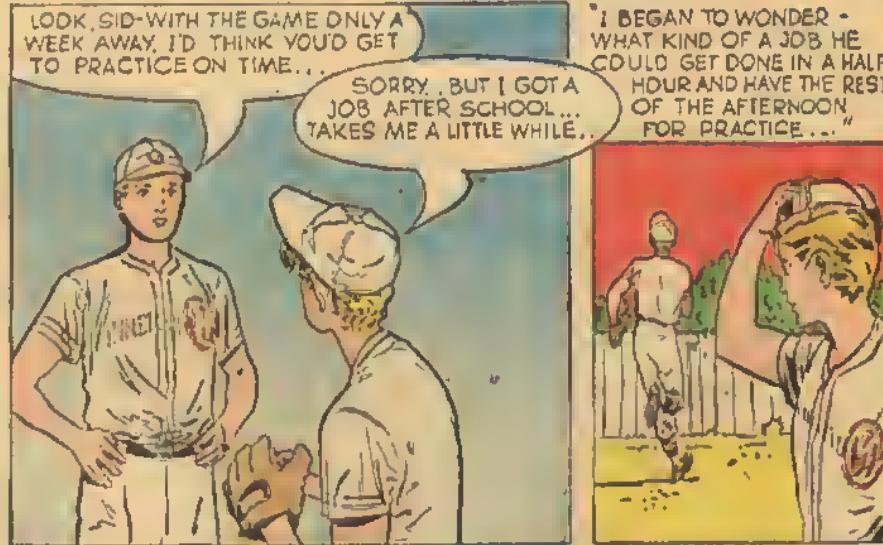
I LOANED YOU SOME DOUGH. REMEMBER?.. I WANT IT BACK.

BUT.. BUT.. WELL I DON'T HAVE IT NOW... I'LL... I'LL PAY YOU WHEN I GET SOME MONEY.

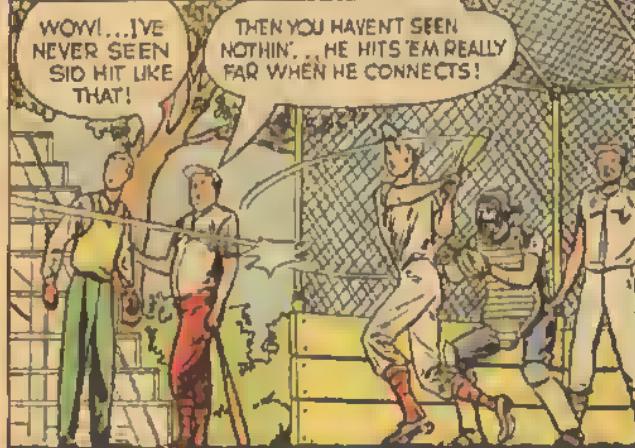




TEN BUCKS FOR DELIVERING A PACKAGE!.. NOT BAD! AND TO MAKE IT BETTER, SID FOUND OUT HE COULD EARN HIMSELF \$10 EVERYDAY BY DELIVERING ONE JUST LIKE THAT. BUT HE WAS LATE FOR PRACTICE ALL THE TIME, WHICH MADE ME BEGIN TO WONDER.. NATURALLY, I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT HIS JOB WITH 'NICKELS' AT THE TIME....



\*A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE THE BIG GAME, JOE CAME AROUND TO SEE WHAT WE LOOKED LIKE... HE CAME JUST AT THE RIGHT MOMENT- SID HAD CONNECTED WITH MY FAST BALL...



\*A FEW MINUTES LATER WHEN PRACTICE WAS OVER...

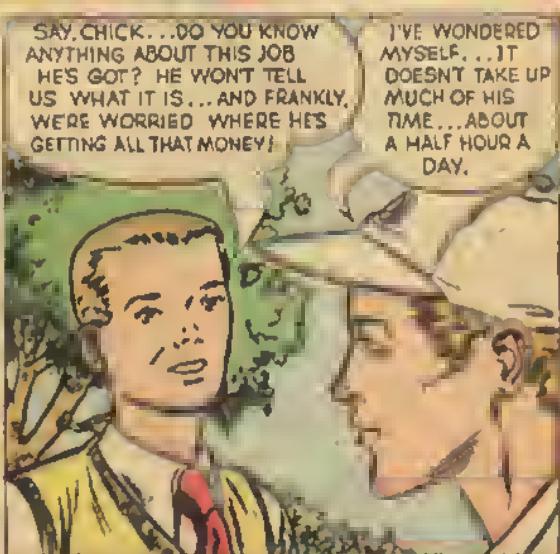
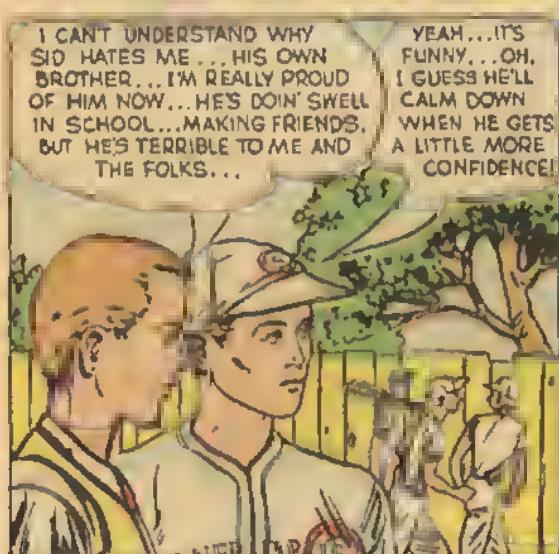


I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SID HATES ME... HIS OWN BROTHER... I'M REALLY PROUD OF HIM NOW... HE'S DOIN' SWELL IN SCHOOL... MAKING FRIENDS. BUT HE'S TERRIBLE TO ME AND THE FOLKS...

YEAH... IT'S FUNNY... OH, I GUESS HE'LL CALM DOWN WHEN HE GETS A LITTLE MORE CONFIDENCE!

SAY, CHICK... DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS JOB HE'S GOT? HE WON'T TELL US WHAT IT IS... AND FRANKLY, WE'RE WORRIED WHERE HE'S GETTING ALL THAT MONEY!

I'VE WONDERED MYSELF... IT DOESN'T TAKE UP MUCH OF HIS TIME... ABOUT A HALF HOUR A DAY.



THE MYSTERY WAS SOLVED THE NEXT DAY... SID HADN'T SHOWN UP FOR PRACTICE AND WHEN WE WERE FOLDING UP TO GO HOME, SUE CAME OUT TO THE FIELD WITH THE EVENING PAPER....



"THE POLICE DRAGNET CLOSED IN,  
DRIVING SID DOWN TO THE WATER-  
FRONT. . . SUE AND I STUCK IN A  
POLICE CAR HOPING WE COULD  
TALK HIM INTO GIVING UP... THEN  
WE SAW HIM!..."



"A MINUTE LATER, SUE LET OUT  
A SCREAM..."



"THEY GOT US TO SHORE ALL RIGHT AND THE RESCUE WAS COMPLETED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT..."

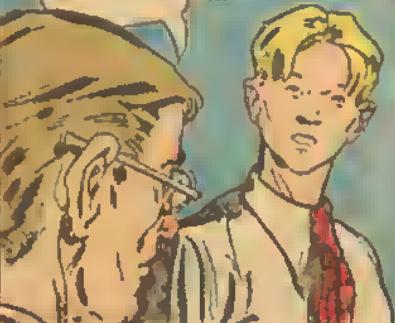


"THAT BEGAN A SERIES OF VISITS BETWEEN MR. JOHNSON AND SID.. YOU SEE, MR. JOHNSON WAS ABLE TO TELL SID WHERE HE WAS GOING WRONG..."

"YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND, SID - YOU ARE AS GOOD AS YOUR BROTHER... BUT YOU TRY SO HARD TO BE AS GOOD THAT YOU BECOME EMOTIONAL AND OFTEN FAIL.... IT MAKES YOU FEEL INFERIOR...

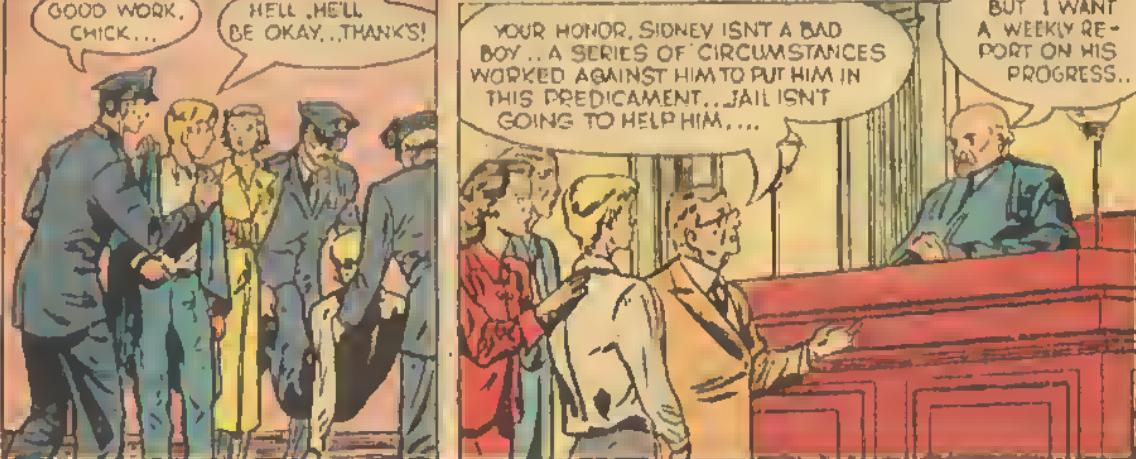


"THEY'RE GOING TO LIKE YOU ANYWAY... EVEN IF YOU HAVENT MONEY TO SPEND. DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING FROM ANYBODY... LIKING.. DISLIKING. JUST BE A GOOD GUY, AND ALWAYS GIVE YOUR BEST!"



"AND YOU THINK, WELL... I'LL... GET ALONG?"

"WELL THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT BAD FOR SID AFTER ALL... YOU SEE, SID HAD A GOOD FRIEND IN MR JOHNSON WHO WAS A WORKER FOR THE FAMILY COUNSEL AGENCY."



"I'LL PUT HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY MR. JOHNSON BUT I WANT A WEEKLY REPORT ON HIS PROGRESS..."



"EXACTLY... LOOK HOW MUCH GOOD THE CONFIDENCE OF HAVING MONEY IN YOUR POCKET DID... EVEN THOUGH IT WAS THE WRONG WAY TO GET IT."

"THAT'S RIGHT!.. I WAS GOOD IN SPORTS.. SCHOOL.. THINGS WERE MUCH BETTER.. OTHER KIDS LIKED ME."

"I'M SURE OF IT!.. AND IF YOU HAVE PROBLEMS.. WITH THE FAMILY, OR SCHOOL, OR FRIENDS. BRING THEM TO ME AT THE COUNSEL AGENCY.. WE'LL WORK 'EM OUT TOGETHER!"



"GEE THANKS! YOU'VE HELPED ME ALOT.... AND I'LL SURE TRY HARD, MR JOHNSON!"



"IT TOOK AWHILE FOR SID TO LOOK AT THINGS WITHOUT FEELIN' THE WORLD WAS AGAINST HIM.. BUT THE AGENCY SHOWED HIM THE WAY... JUST LIKE THEY CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY, IF YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE.. LOOK 'EM UP IN YOUR TOWN, THEY'RE THERE TO HELP YOU!"



### CHICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE THE SITE OF DEATH!

"The murder took place in the dead man's office. He was a booking agent and somehow the grinning photographs on the wall of midgets, giants, tap dancers, singers, magicians, jugglers and other variety acts all inscribed 'To Ben, the best agent there ever was... Love... signed with a myriad pen names, all combined to make the scene of death more horrible."

Nick Carter stared off into space, seemed to forget all about the interested members of the Inner Circle who leaned forward, all their attention focussed on the great manhunter.

"Ben's secretary had seen the whole thing... or thought she had. Her desk chair in the reception room was at such an angle that she could see almost all of Ben's room. She had been typing and answering the phone most of the time, but she could see what transpired in her boss' office.

"That's the only reason that we know the whole macabre set-up!"

"Her attention had been distracted at only one time and that for but a few seconds. Major Majestic, the world's tallest human being had called on the phone in a fury about some business matter or other. He was all set to tear Ben from limb to limb according to his tirade.

"She had quieted the giant down and then had returned to watching her boss. There was a reason. That reason was the new television set that Ben had had installed that very afternoon. So many of his acts were working on television that he had to have a set in order to check up on what they were doing.

"It was one of the smaller sets about two feet square with a screen about eight by ten inches. The secretary was waiting for five o'clock

for it was then that her pet crush, a singer, was to go on television for the first time.

"She watched her pudgy boss fiddling with the knobs and dials as the clock reached five. He had turned the current on and was waiting for the set to heat up when he called out, 'I don't want to be disturbed while this act is on.'

"The office was empty but for Ben and his secretary. Most of the work was over for the day. Outside of the phone there was not much chance of any interruption.

"The secretary took a last look at the switch board to be sure there were no incoming calls. It was then that she heard a tinkle of glass. She glanced into Ben's office. He was bent over the television set, his hands on the control knobs.

"All she could see was his back. But she could hear his voice, for he screamed, 'Don't... don't... you're mad... insane... Don't... and then... a shot rang out!"

Nick paused and took a sip of water. He held up his hand for attention. "Now remember, that although the girl got a little hysterical at this point, she still was in complete control of her faculties. She says there was no one in the office with her boss. The window was closed and locked on the inside because of a flurry of bad weather. She was sitting right outside the only door. No one came in or went out..."

"And yet, jovial, stout, smiling Ben Barran was dead. A crumpled heap in front of a broken television set with pieces of shattered glass all around him.

"When we, the police and I, got there the girl was still sobbing but was coherent. When we had heard her story one thing seemed quite

clear. There had to be a death device of some kind inside of the television set. I could visualize some kind of arrangement that held a pistol pointed at the inside of the screen so that anyone sitting in front of it looking at the screen would inevitably be shot in the head. A simple control fastened to the on-off switch would set off the gun.

"Yes, I could visualize all that with no trouble," Nick shook his head. "The only fault was that when we ripped the set open there was nothing inside of it. No gun, no gun trap . . . no works . . . that is, no television apparatus. It was an empty mahogany box!"

A ripple of interest went through Nick's audience. The members whispered to each other. The thing was incredible to put it mildly! A room with no one in it but the dead man . . . with no gun . . . and no way for the gun and the killer to have gotten out of the room! They waited, looking at Nick, wondering if even he had been able to figure out what had happened.

Nick said, "I must confess that when we opened the set and found it empty, I was almost dazed. I have never met anything so unexpected in all my years of man hunting!"

"I stood stock still in the middle of that little room with the grinning faces of Ben's performers leering down at me. I looked at his desk. It was cluttered with papers. Behind it was his chair. The set had been on the desk till we had moved it to the only other chair in the room. To one side of the room was a small suitcase, with a screen in one end of it like the ones that people use to carry pet dogs in. Through the mesh at one end of the suitcase we could see the pert little face of a toy fox terrier.

"He wiggled his cropped ears at us. Except for the dog there was no sign of anything in the room but the corpse.

"I looked around me again with my brain doing absolutely nothing. It felt about as active as a piece of calf's liver. I just had no ideas at all.

"Outside in the reception room I heard an angry voice raised. I spun around. Major Majestic, the giant who had called up on the

phone, the one whose picture was right over my head, was arguing with one of the policemen who was standing on guard at the entrance.

The giant said, "Agent . . . half . . . they're a dime a dozen . . . what's it to me if Ben's dead? I want my dog. I left him here this afternoon. He must be hungry. I'm going to get him and I don't care how many cops try to stop me!"

"Looking up at him, having to crane my neck to see his face I felt like a midget. Right then, of course, I had the answer. Fearing what he might do if there was a rough house in the little room, I let him get almost to the outside door before I signaled to the police to grab the suitcase from him.

"It was a titanic tussle. If they hadn't had guns I don't suppose they could have stopped him. But finally under the threatening noses of four pistols, he put down the suitcase and raised his hands. He said 'You got wise, huh? I don't care . . . he's better dead!'

"The police had obeyed me without knowing why I had given the command I had. I stood over the suitcase and said, 'Isn't it getting a little close in there? You may as well come out. The jig is up!'

"We all stared at the suitcase. Nothing happened, I said, 'You made it too impossible. There's only one way it could have worked! You took the gun out of the television set and hid in it. You shot Ben through the screen. When the girl turned away you ducked out of the set and got in there with the dog. Come out!'

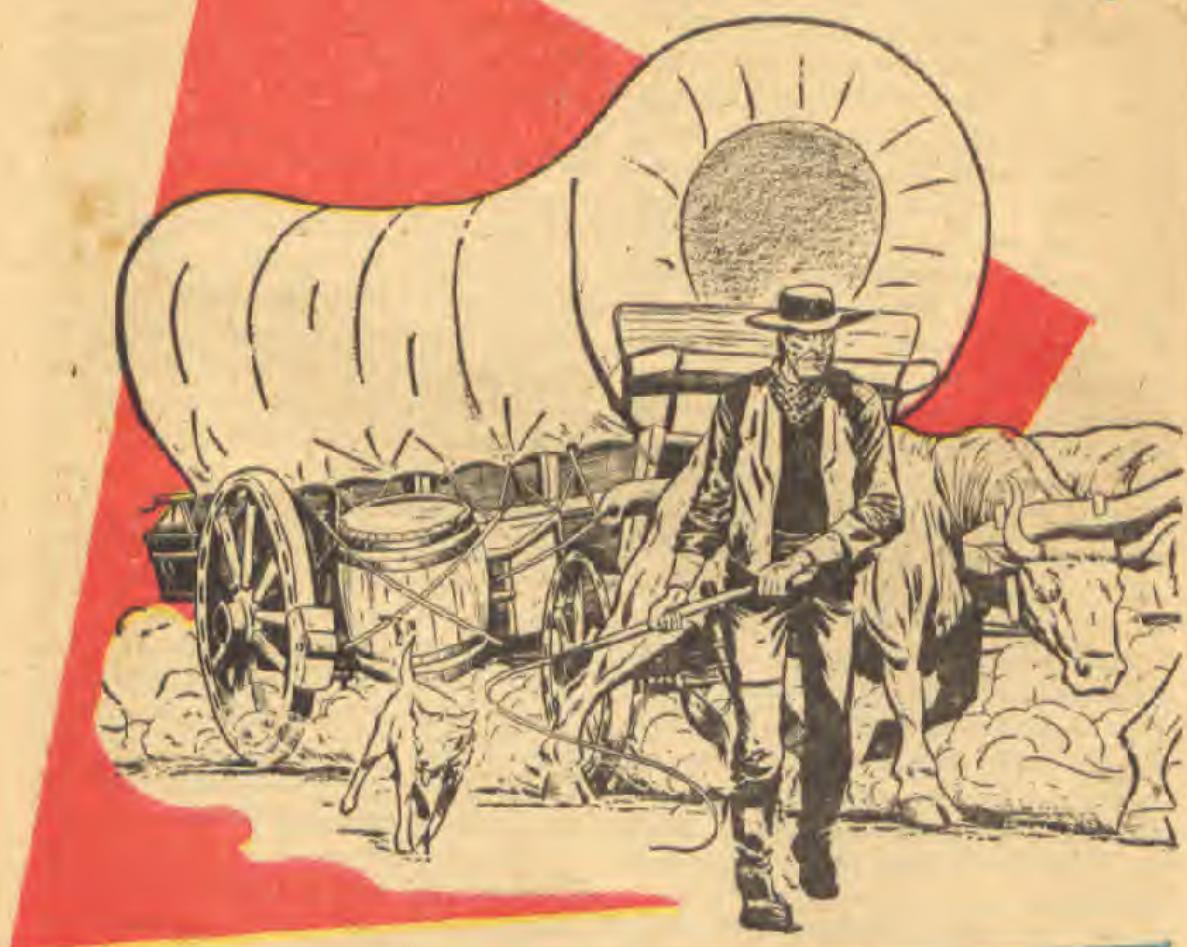
Nick picked up his hat and said, "The little midget looked more angry at the giant than at us. He squeaked, 'You big dumb fool! Why didn't you fight? Why didn't you get me out? Laugh . . . it serves me right for doing your killing for you!'

"The giant took the calling down as a matter of course. It was clear that the ringer had been the brains behind the killing. We found out later that the midget thought he was being cheated by Ben . . ."

The meeting ended on a sombre note. Nick said, "The sight of death turned out to be . . . the site of death . . ."

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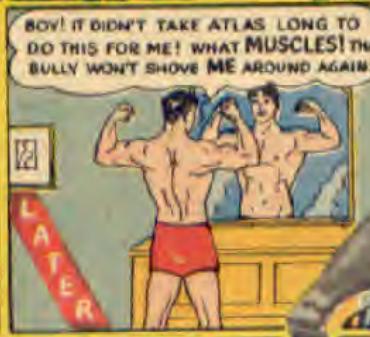
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